Now afore God this holy reverend Frier,
All our whole City is much bound to him.
Jul. Nurse, will you goe with me into my closet,
To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?
Mo. No, not till thursday; there is time enough.
Fa. Go Nurse, goe with her, wee'll to Church to morrow.
Exeunt.
Mo. We shall be short in our provision,
'Tis now neare night.
Fa. Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife.
Goe thou to *Juliet*, helpe to decke up her:
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone,
Ile play the huswife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth: well, I will walke my selfe
To County *Paris*, to prepare up him
Against to morrow; my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girle is so reclaim'd.
Exeunt.

Enter Juliet *and Nurse.*

Jul. I, those attires are best: but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leave me to my selfe to night,
For I have need of many Orisons,
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which well thou know'st is crosse and full of sinne.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you busie ho? need you my help?
Jul. No Madam, we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoovefull for our state to morrow:
So please you let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night sit up with you,
For I am sure you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.
Mo. Goodnight,
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.
Exeunt.

Jul.

Jul. Farewell, God knowes when we shall meet againe.
I have a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse: what should she doe heare?
My dismall Scene I needs must act alone.
Come Viall: what if this mixture doe not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it, lye thou there.
What if it be a poyson which the Frier
Subtilly hath ministred to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to *Romeo?*
I feare it is; and yet me thinks it should not,
For he hath still beene tryed an holy man.
How if when I am laid into the tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me? there's a fearfull point,
Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault,
To whose foule mouth no healthsome aire breaths in,
And there dye strangled ere my *Romeo* comes?
Or if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packt;
Where bloody *Tibalt*, yet but greene in earth,
Lies festring in his shrowd; where, as they say,
At some houres in the night spirits resort:
Alacke, alacke, it is not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That living mortalls hearing them runne mad:
Or if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
(Invironed with all these hideous feares.)
And madly play with my forefathers joints?